

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXIII. No. 2257

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
September 27, 1944



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Swaebe

## Lt. The Hon. Walter Keppel, D.S.C., R.N., With His Family

The Keppels and their small daughter, Judith, were staying with Viscountess Wimborne at Ladbroke Hall, Rugby, when this photograph was taken. Lieut. Keppel, the Earl of Albemarle's second son, is serving with the Fleet Air Arm, and was on leave at the time. He married in 1941 Miss Aline Lucy Harington, only daughter of the late Brigadier-General John Harington, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Lady Frances Harington. Their daughter was born in 1942



# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Secrecy

**I**N more leisured times, Mr. Churchill is a devoted reader of detective stories. I cannot help thinking that this fact has something to do with his love of the somewhat theatrical "secret journeyings" he makes nowadays. When he had finished his talks with President Roosevelt in Quebec, Mr. Churchill got into his special train and left for an unknown destination. Hordes of secret service men went with him, hovered here, there and everywhere. The Prime Minister's

own Scotland Yard man, Inspector "Tommy" Thompson, who has accompanied him everywhere in his wartime journeys, looks on all this with tolerant amusement—but local police chiefs have to be given a look-in. Off went the special train—and the curtain of secrecy descended. With it descended a flood of rumours. Mr. Churchill was to have "secret talks of the highest importance" with President Roosevelt and others. Mr. Churchill was to make plans which would have a profound effect on the future of the world. He was to do this, that and the other.

## Rest

**A**s a matter of fact, Mr. Churchill's mission to—wherever it was—was something much less exciting. In due course, perhaps, we shall be allowed to know officially where he *did* go. I could tell you now . . . but the censorship would not like it. And if the facts—the true facts—are ever allowed to be known, it will be found that the mysterious mission was in search of—rest and recreation. Mr. Churchill has had a pretty strenuous time since Parliament rose, even though he has been enjoying himself enormously in touring the battle zones. He is so active, physically and mentally, that it is not easy to remember that he is seventy. Yet these trips take it out of him, and those around him plot and plan to force him to take an occasional disguised holiday. Lord Moran, his personal doctor, goes on most of his important trips with him, but laughingly declares that it is like trying to advise the stones of the Houses of Parliament when he "orders" the Prime Minister to rest. President Roosevelt—whose systematic "resting," even in wartime, is known all over the world—is more successful, and can usually persuade Britain's Prime Minister to take a

few days off. So off Mr. Churchill went to his "mystery destination." Why the mystery? Security? Or simply love of secrecy? Knowing a good deal about the facts, I vote for the second.

## Censorship

**T**HERE will soon be a reaction against super-secrecy and censorship. Many M.P.s are determined to end them the moment it can safely be done. They say censorship is being imposed not only on facts, but, in practice, on opinion also. Liberty-loving Mr. Brendan Bracken, the Minister of Information, and nominal head of the censorship, has always maintained that there is no censorship on opinion. But the censorship of "fact" often operates as a censorship of "views." And censorship of views and opinions nearly all M.P.s, irrespective of party, strongly oppose. None would object to the impenetrable veil of secrecy which surrounded the talks at Quebec, for they related to military operations. "Massive" operations against the Japanese, mainly, were the subject of the long discussions which engaged for days the attention, not only of the two leaders, but of the Chiefs of Staff of the British and United States armed forces.

## Prestige

**W**ITH Mr. Churchill it is certainly the case that many a true word is spoken in jest—many a time he has slipped into a speech as a jocular aside some profound piece of policy—and when he told an assembly of the world's star journalists, at the end of the Quebec talks, that he had had to "insist" on Britain playing her part in the Pacific war, he spoke truly. The less well informed of the journalists laughed, took the phrase as a picturesque exaggeration. Others, more informed about the behind-the-scenes events, knew that Mr. Churchill had, indeed, had to insist that Britain should be "allowed" to play a part in the defeat of the Eastern end of the Axis. Certain circles in the United States believe that the defeat of Japan will be a "piece of cake" and they want to have it all to themselves. They think they can do it without British help, and that it will be more valuable to be able to claim that "alone they did it"



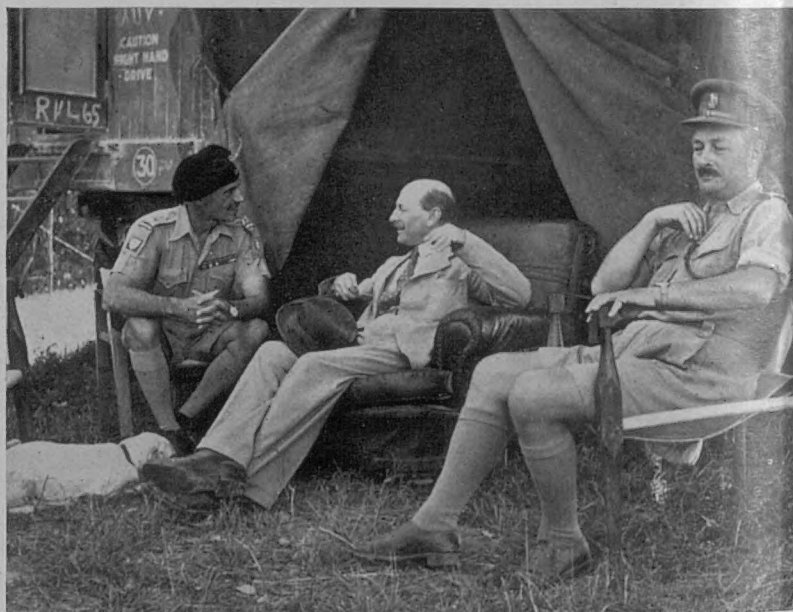
W.A.A.F. Prizewinners

The Sunderland Cup, for the most efficient W.A.A.F. section in Bomber Command, was shared this year by two sections. Air Cdt. Lady Welsh, Director of the W.A.A.F., presented the cup to Sq/O. D. M. MacDonald and Flt/O. V. D. Dent, members of the winning sections



Three American Generals

Here are three important American officers in France. They are Major-General Donald A. Stroe, commander of the U.S. 8th Division, Major-General Troy H. Middleton, commander of the U.S. 8th Army Corps, and Lieutenant-General William H. Simpson, who is C.-in-C. of the recently formed American 9th Army



The Deputy Prime Minister in Italy

Mr. Attlee, the deputy Prime Minister, while visiting Italy recently, made a tour of the Adriatic sector of the 8th Army. He is seen here during a visit to a Polish corps, talking to General Anders, C.-in-C. the Polish forces. With them is a brigadier. During his tour he also met Lieutenant-General Sir Oliver Leese and General Vokes, G.O.C. a Canadian division



### Planning Airborne Landings

Before the great air invasion of Holland Major-General F. A. M. Browning discussed the plans with Air Chief Marshal Tedder. Major-General Browning is chief of Britain's airborne troops and Commander of the Glider Pilot Regiment



### The Viceroy Decorates a Captain

Visiting British and Allied troops in the forward area in Burma, Field Marshal Lord Wavell pinned the ribbon of the M.C. on the tunic of Captain J. O. Morton, awarded for gallantry on Garrison Hill, Kohima

than to have to admit that the defeat was an Allied affair. President Roosevelt will have none of this—normally. But there is an election in the offing, and Presidents (especially when they want to be re-elected) have to do and say things they would not normally do or say. So it was probably not without some travail that Mr. Churchill succeeded in preserving Britain's prestige by maintaining her right to fight to the end against Japan. After all (as the Prime Minister no doubt pointed out) we have a big score of our own to pay off against Japan. And we do not want even so good a friend as the United States to be able to claim that any part of the British Empire was restored by U.S. efforts rather than our own. However, that argument is now over.

### Rumours

SENSATION of a singularly unsensational conference was the sudden flight of Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, from

Downing Street to Quebec—just after it had been announced, with official firmness, that he was *not* going. What happened was that there arrived in Mr. Eden's office one night a sudden telephone message from Mr. Churchill, asking him to hurry across the Atlantic. In a dozen hours Mr. Eden had packed his case full of secret papers and was on his way in a giant plane. The policy of hush-hush was operating at full blast in Quebec. The immediate result was that another thick crop of rumours gathered about the Foreign Secretary's plane. He was going to sort out a big row over the zones of Germany to be occupied by the various Allies. He was going over to settle a crisis over relations between Russia and Poland. He was taking with him "a document so secret that it could not be trusted even to the diplomatic code." Everybody took this last bright idea as some secret approach from Germany. There has—so far—been none. In fact, the Foreign Secretary went to advise the Prime Minister on

foreign affairs in general. Mr. Churchill finds the more intricate and minute details of foreign policies difficult to follow. Mr. Eden revels in them.

### Queues

MR. CHURCHILL's son-in-law, Mr. Duncan Sandys, got into mild trouble for his dramatic opening, when speaking of the highly successful Battle of London. "Except for a few parting shots, the Battle of London is over." It so happened that the Germans *did* send a few more flying bombs—and everybody promptly forgot the proviso, and blamed Mr. Sandys for being rash and over-confident. Dazzled by the success of the defences, evacuees came rushing back to town. Worried by the crash of the few flying bombs, their husbands and fathers urged them to stay away. So we had the spectacle of queues of women and children coming in, other queues going out.

### Conference

POLITICS at home should be very interesting in the months to come. The Labour Party, faced with a new threat from one of the more left-wing trade unions to raise the old boggy of a Popular Front—a link-up with the Communists—plumped for the lesser evil of a separate appeal to the country when the election comes. This does not mean, necessarily, that Mr. Morrison and his colleagues will drop out of the National Government before the election. But the Conservatives (who, after all, have a majority in the present House of Commons) may have something to say about this, and I was interested to see that the Conservative Party had decided to call its annual conference, put off when the war situation was less rosy earlier in the year. Maybe the Conservatives will have views of their own on the Labour plan. Some of them, at least, will perhaps want the National Government dissolved *before* the election, so that they may have the advantage of going to the country as the Government in office: Sir Archibald Sinclair and his Liberals will doubtless prefer to stay in office until after the election—if they can. They have decided to hold their postponed annual meeting on the first three days of February.



### Two V.C.s: Lord Gort and His Son-in-Law

Field Marshal Lord Gort, V.C., recently appointed Commissioner and C.-in-C. Palestine and Transjordan, had his son-in-law, Major Philip Sydney, V.C., with him when he inspected the 51st Kent Battalion Home Guard at Bromley. Major Sydney has been unanimously adopted as National Conservative candidate in the Chelsea by-election



### Two Princes Return Home

The Prince Consort of Luxembourg and his son, Prince Jean, have now returned to their country. Prince Felix, who is a brigadier-general and Head of the Military Mission, was previously in Luxembourg just after the capital was freed. Prince Jean, a lieutenant in the Irish Guards, met his father there

# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Triumph for William Bendix

By James Agate

ONE of the undercurrents of Eugene O'Neill's drama is a feeling for, and sympathy with, the underdog, whether that dog is being kept under by racial inferiority, as in the case of *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, or by economic conditions as in *The Hairy Ape* (New Gallery). As I remember,

trying conclusions with a peculiarly obnoxious gorilla who strangles him. A great deal of the power of O'Neill's original play has been retained in the screen version, though, needless to say, the fight with the gorilla does not materialize. Instead, Hank makes his way to the apartment of the baggage; which apart-

behaving as, presumably, hairy apes do when they find themselves alone with exotic maidens exiguously clad and reeking of Coty. The picture called *King Kong* is the guide here. To show this is, of course, infeasible, and what we are allowed is a compromise. Hank gives the baggage a good shaking and then throws her a dollar. Which brings me to the third and best ending. Hank should have trussed up the young lady, gagged her with her undies, soundly walloped her, and left on her seat of understanding the imprint of a hairy paw!

The play was produced at the height of Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies* period. Had I directed this picture I should have arranged for Miss Baggage to be giving a party to New York's glamour-girls and nit-wits, who would



"The Hairy Ape," Eugene O'Neill's Prize Winning Play of 1922, as a film

Blasé socialite Mildred (Susan Hayward), New York bound from Lisbon on a freighter, is taken below by Second Engineer Lazar (John Loder) where Stoker Hank (William Bendix) raves and curses for more steam. Terrified, she calls him a hairy ape

This upsets Hank so much that he loses interest and the ship loses steam. The girl is an enigma from another world, beyond the reach of curses and fists. His shipmates, Paddy (Roman Bohnen) and Long (Tom Fadden) try to rid him of his blind hatred

the keynote of O'Neill's play about stokeholes was the stoker Hank's reiterative: "I don't belong." But of course he doesn't belong. He and his kind can have nothing in common with the saloon passengers. In communist Russia it may be different: it may well be that stokers, after their spells of duty, tidy themselves up and go on deck to dine with the passengers. Maybe the passengers, including the women, take their turn at stoking. Because, of course, anything is possible in a communistic country. But not in the United States during the last war.

I DARESAY my readers remember the story. How a common, cheap, rich little baggage amuses herself with playing at helping with the refugee problem. How helping consists largely of drinking and dancing. How in Lisbon she gets bored with the whole business. How, wanting to get back to New York, she has to sail on a wretched little freighter. How, to amuse herself, she visits the stokehole. How to his face she calls Hank, the chief stoker, a hairy ape. How this unnerves this man of brawn and muscle to the point, when he reaches New York, of visiting a circus and

ment, incidentally, is about eleven times bigger than would go into the house as seen from the outside. (I just don't believe that New York's most expensive "bits" live in suites whose rooms are larger than anything in the Victoria and Albert Museum.) Perhaps these extravagances are designed to take our mind from the real significance of this picture's end. Let us hear what Synopsis has to say on the subject:—

Hank goes to Mildred's apartment and sneaks up the back stairs. When Mildred sees Hank, she is terrified, and as he approaches her, she faints. Hank picks her up and puts her on the couch. The feeling of anger slowly dies within him. When Mildred revives, he asks her why she called him a hairy ape. Mildred tells him that she was afraid, and Hank understands that she was afraid of herself. A feeling of great relief comes over Hank because he knows now that despite the difference in social position, Mildred is no different from any waterfront wench he has mastered in the past.

This is, of course, nonsense.

THERE are only three ways to end this picture. The first is tragical in the O'Neill manner. Second way shows the hairy ape

burst into the apartment to be confronted with the spectacle I have outlined. But Hollywood, as is well known, has no courage. It is afraid of O'Neill's ending, and its compromise stops short of that complete mortification which the subject demands. However, the picture is an excellent one as far as it goes. Susan Hayward is admirably baggage-like, whether preparing to descend into a stokehole attired in cream georgette or indulging in a tub of asses' milk and whipped cream. Long ago I decided that William Bendix is the best actor in Hollywood. This picture proves it.

*Bathing Beauty* (Empire) may be described as a musical with incidental talk. And what music, and what talk! This film, I hold, calls for some extravagance of adjective, some florescence of noun, even a few superlatives. Such as that it is the most expensive, flamboyant, Technicolourful, hair-raising, ear-splitting, eye-blinding phantasmagoria that even the Shakespearean imaginations of the great masters of Hollywood have ever conceived. Then one might say that Esther Williams, who is the *Bathing Beauty*, is the



Hank, obsessed with the desire to discover why Mildred called him a hairy ape, tries to break into her apartment, is arrested and gaoled. Behind bars he raves and struggles like a wild beast. The hoses are turned on him till he crouches defeated in a corner



Released from gaol Hank is attracted to a circus by Goliath, the most powerful ape in captivity. He feels it is an animal reflection of himself. When Goliath crushes a rubber tyre, Hank knows he must crush the white-faced girl

finest, fastest, cutest, prettiest, gracefulest, daringest swimmer since the days of Lanfraska Krokodora, and that Red Skelton is the hardest worker, the liveliest, the cheeriest nut and the honestest cove, and deserves all the applause he gets. If he doesn't make me laugh, that's just because I haven't any sense of humour.

AND that bathing pool! In California, of course. Where else could you find a pool the length of the Regent's Canal? Such colours—the blue of the water, the cream of the tiles, the green of the chairs, and all those girls, girls, girls, with their sepia legs and their gamboge faces—lovely! And that bath-band!

How Harry James plays the trumpet! Plays, did I say? Anybody can just play. But Harry does everything to a trumpet which such a virtuoso may lawfully do. And how does that sometimes so *difficile* instrument respond? Ha-ha, friends, you should go and hear Harry and listen to those trills and scales and runs up and down like a soprano in the dog-days. I don't know whether all this took Harry's breath away; it certainly took away mine! This is one of the happiest, smashiest, noisiest, fastest and most furious festivals of song and dance I have witnessed since *Hellzapoppin*. Take your deaf aunt. Take your near-sighted uncle. They will think a miracle has happened. They cannot fail to hear and

see. Excellent Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, I thank you!

STUDENTS of today's social conditions might like to know that the alleged riotous farce *Make Your Own Bed* (Warners) is an adaptation by one genius of a screen-play by two brilliant intellects based on a play by two master minds. Half-way through the synopsis occurs the sentence: "Having started a hoax, Whirtle kept it up." Alas, having started a snooze, this critic kept it up. For so long as he managed to stay awake he thought the principals in this soporific affair, meaning Jack Carson, Alan Hale, Jane Wyman and Irene Manning, were doing quite well.



Lazar, whom Mildred has lured away from her girl friend, Helen, calls and is dismissed. He is told their affair on the ship was a mere flirtation. Hank finds him drunk in a waterfront bar and takes him aboard where Helen is waiting for him



Hank has crept into Mildred's apartment. On the roof garden they are alone. Terrified, she faints. Half attracted, half afraid, she tries her wiles on him. This breaks the spell. She is just another wanton. Hank returns to his stokehold, his old self

# The Theatre

"Tomorrow The World" (Aldwych)

By Horace Horsnell

THE problem play, which seldom anticipates but manages to keep up with the times, is rarer these days than it used to be. It comes as a rule from America, where "ideas" seem to provide more popular entertainment than they do here. We have had Freudian puzzles that ranged from possessive mothers who tried to hold their sons with silver cords, to unawakened wives like Claudia, who learned through tragedy the true meaning of marriage. Now the war begins to furnish enterprising dramatists with new themes for theatrical debate. The latest of these topical teasers, *Tomorrow the World* at the Aldwych, is a domestic drama that primes social sentiment with melodramatic dynamite. It is a cunning piece of work, and if its artistry had equalled its power to irritate, one might be recording the impact of a masterpiece instead of reporting the stings of nettles.

If you have ever wondered what it might be like to entertain, not an angel, but, say a poltergeist, unawares, this play would give you

about his malevolence. He makes no pretence to be anything but a little blond beast, but clicks his heels and speaks and behaves from scratch with the unhumorous intensity of an embodied Hitler oration. Only he does not rant. His first act on arrival, after being invited to wash for luncheon, is to change from schoolboy flannels into a miniature Brown Shirt outfit complete with slogans and swastika, and to call his hostess a Jewess.

Thus he begins as he means to go on, with no beating about the social bush. His kindly but bewildered host is in the thick of the problem before his words of welcome are spoken, and the tension it causes never lets down. Within ten days of his coming, the boy has denounced his martyred father, given a brilliantly heartless account of his Nazi faith, rifled his host's desk, got into active touch with a local spy, brained the little daughter of the house with a bookend, and thus qualified for attempted murder.

Such is the problem presented by this infant



Kill or cure—Jean Cadell as a jealous spinster; David O'Brien as the odious young Nazi



Nazi and anti-Nazi. Julien Mitchell as a local Nazi spy, Lily Kann as the German maid who disapproves of Hitler



The kindly American professor (Robert Harris), his wife (Elizabeth Allan), the pocket stormtrooper (David O'Brien) and his host's daughter (Angela Glynne) whom he tries to murder

a pretty good idea. You know the so-called poltergeist; an alleged elemental spirit that invades otherwise well-conducted homes, preferably country vicarages, and, without rhyme or reason, plays old Harry therein. This elusive intruder sets the beds on fire, throws the kitchen crockery about, and creates wanton havoc upstairs and down. As a rule its alarming manifestations are traced to a witless young maidservant, allergic to decorum, and with a grudge against her mistress. Then the remedy is simple and specific—prompt dismissal.

In this case the creator of havoc is a little German boy whom a kindly American professor adopts because the boy's father, a victim of Nazi persecution, was his best friend. The difference between this German waif and the supposed spook is that there is no mystery

totalitarian to his humane foster-parents. Would you, dear reader, have sought to solve it by kindness, as they did, or in the way the first-night audience at the Aldwych would have done? In my neighbourhood, sparers of the rod seemed to be in a very small minority. The professor, persuaded by his pedagogic wife, succeeded in melting with kindness that little heart of Nazi stone, and causing tears of remorse to gush from the infant Gorgon's eyes; and the implication was that by similar means the young barbarians beyond the Rhine should be taught to see and repent the errors of their ways. Maybe, maybe not.

However, persuasive or not, there is no doubt that Master David O'Brien makes the argument tingle with provocative interest. It is unnecessary to accept its premises to realize

that this boy actor is no mere industrious apprentice to the thespian art. His performance has quality as well as cleverness. He may have benefited by expert tuition, but not parrot-wise. His acting imaginatively fulfils the text. He persuades one that the Nazi faith he holds with such fanatical devotion is formidable. He may not run away with the play, but he fully justifies the unselfish support given him by his adult colleagues. Miss Jean Cadell, Miss Elizabeth Allan, and Mr. Robert Harris all play for the success of the piece, not for their own hands. And in her own line of business, that of very juvenile lead, little Angela Glynne presents a wise-cracking infant ray of sunshine with a confident skill that is the apotheosis of all such heart-storming kindergarten sunbeams.



John Vickers

## A Newcomer to the West End Stage

### Margaret Leighton in Three Roles at the Old Vic

● Margaret Leighton, born in Birmingham, joined the Birmingham Repertory Theatre six years ago, and since then she has gained a wide experience, playing such contrasted roles as Rosalind, Katharine, Ellie Dunn in *Heartbreak House* and Lady Babbie in *The Little Minister*. Ralph Richardson and John Burrell, searching for fresh talent, were so impressed by Margaret Leighton's acting that they engaged her for the Old Vic season at the New Theatre, of which they are joint producers. She takes the parts of the Green Woman in *Peer Gynt*, Elizabeth in *Richard III.*, and Raina in the revival of Bernard Shaw's "*Arms and the Man*," which had a very successful preliminary run in Manchester during August Bank Holiday week



Alexander Bender

As Raina in "*Arms and the Man*"



### Married at St. Paul's

Bassano

F/O. C. R. Driver, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Driver, of Stockton-on-Tees, married Miss Anne Frances Wilshaw, daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Wilshaw, of Arundel House, Victoria Embankment, on September 14



Vandyk

### Captain and Mrs. Alec Francis

Capt. Alec Francis, Welsh Guards, son of the late Capt. Noel Francis, and of Mrs. Humphrey Butler, married Miss Pamela Mary Morgan-Grenville, daughter of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Morgan-Grenville, of Wootton House, Bedfordshire, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### The King Remembers

IN those dim-remembered days before the war, it was one of the King's private satisfactions to think that he knew every officer in the Brigade of Guards personally; and more times than once some quite newly joined subaltern, who had perhaps met His Majesty only once or twice before, was surprised and delighted to find his Royal Colonel-in-Chief addressing him correctly by name. Those young subalterns now are veterans, soldiers toughened by five years of war, those of them who are left, and the intake of new officers in the Brigade, in its tremendous wartime expansion, has been so great that it has been impossible even for the King, with his quite extraordinary ability to remember names and faces, to know them all. But His Majesty still likes to know as many of his own officers as he possibly can, and not infrequently, on Guards' parades, he has the pleasure of meeting old friends whom he has known over a period of many years.

Not very long ago, when the two officers of the guard, old and new, saluted the King as the Royal car drove across the Palace quadrangle while the guard was changing, the King gave them a friendly smile of recognition as he returned their salutes. One of the officers was Lord Stanley, Lord Derby's twenty-six-year-old heir, and the other was Major William Fellowes, peacetime Land Agent to the King at Sandringham, and now serving with the Scots Guards. A few days earlier, the officer relieving guard was young Lord Coke, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Leicester. Also in the Scots Guards, Lord Coke is an Extra Equerry to the King, and was Equerry to His Majesty as Duke of York from 1934 to 1937. His wife is the former Lady Elizabeth Yorke, only daughter of the eighth Earl of Hardwicke. The Cokes have three small daughters, the youngest of whom was born in July this year.

### Convalescence

LORD HARDINGE OF PENSURST, who succeeded his father, the former Viceroy, a few weeks ago, is making good progress back to normal health after the long spell of ill health that forced him to resign his post as Private Secretary to the King a little over a year ago. Sir Alexander Hardinge, as he then was, broke down in health, in the opinion of his friends, largely through over-work at his arduous and never-ending duties; and, until the death of his father, he has been living a very quiet life in the seclusion of his country home at Crichel, near Wimborne, in Dorset, where he has occupied his time with haymaking and such-like outdoor activities.

Whether he will return to public life, and, if so, in what capacity, when he is fully restored to his normal vigorous energy, is a question which has still to be decided. Lord Hardinge was created a G.C.B. on his retirement as Private Secretary, and he is also a Privy Councillor, both of which high honours were also held by his late father—one of the very few cases of father and son being Privy Councillors at the same time.

Lord Hardinge's son and heir is serving in the Royal Navy with considerable distinction. He married some weeks before his father succeeded to the title.

### Queen's Gift to Victory Fund

SCOTLAND is certainly losing no time in getting ready for peace. Yet another fête has been held to raise funds for victory celebrations. This was in the lovely grounds of Glamis Castle, home of the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, father of H.M. the Queen.

The "Glamis Parish Victory Fund" benefited by the sum of £225 raised during the afternoon. The Queen sent a case of fish-knives and forks to help this fund in the parish where she spent



Pearl Freeman

### Two Recent Engagements of Interest

Miss Edie Moore, third daughter of Capt. Charles Moore, M.C., and the late Lady Dorothea Moore, is engaged to Capt. William Worrall, M.C., Welsh Guards, eldest son of Colonel P. R. Worrall, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Worrall. Her father is the King's racing manager



Fayer

Miss Primrose Davenport-Price, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Davenport-Price, of Abbot's Morton Manor, Worcestershire, is to marry F/Lt. E. K. Creswell, D.S.O., D.F.C., R.A.F.V.R., second son of Cdre. and Mrs. G. H. Creswell. She has been driving for the British-American Ambulance Service for four years



*Mr. V. V. Tilea, Former Rumanian Minister in London, with His Family in Oxfordshire*

Stanca, Mr. Tilea's youngest daughter, snatches a kiss from the pedigree Ayrshire bull-calf, Holton White Boy. This picture was taken at her father's farm near Oxford

Mr. Tilea, Rumanian Minister in London in 1939, was recalled by Nazi order, but remained in England and started the Free Rumanian Movement in 1940. He lives with his family near Oxford, and farms his estate, Holton Place. He is seen with Mr. Vasile Lorentiu and Mr. Ioan Lorentiu

so much of her girlhood; they were won by Mrs. Robertson.

The fête was opened by Lady Lyell of Kinnordy, the young widow of the late Capt. Lord Lyell, V.C., who was presented with Dr. Stirton's book *Glamis Castle*. Lady Lyell is always a willing helper for any good cause in her neighbourhood, and is in great demand for opening fêtes and other charitable affairs. She recently opened a fête at Kirriemuir in aid of the General Sikorski hospital for children.

The Countess Granville, one of the Queen's sisters, was amongst those at the fête, and so was her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. John Bowes-Lyon, who is the widow of Lord Strathmore's second son, who died in 1930. Mrs. Bowes-Lyon was accompanied by her eldest daughter, Viscountess Anson, who married the Earl of Lichfield's eldest son in 1938.



*Swaebe*

#### *A London Wedding*

Major James Brian Ambler, son of the late Mr. Frederick Ambler and of Mrs. Ambler, of Chellow Grange, Chellow Dene, Bradford, married Miss Daphne Martin, daughter of Lt.-Gen. H. G. Martin, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., and Mrs. Martin, of Morpeth Mansions, S.W., at Holy Trinity, Brompton

#### *Present to the Scottish Red Cross*

MRS. FYFE-JAMIESON, of Ruthven, once again showed her great generosity when she recently presented a fully equipped motor-ambulance to the Scottish Red Cross Society at Forfar. This is only one of a long list of gifts Mrs. Fyfe-Jamieson has made to the country. When she handed it over, she said she was a commandant in the Red Cross at the beginning of the last war, and had taken the greatest interest in it ever since; the news in Europe was exciting, but it meant wounded, and she had just heard this ambulance was going into action at once. The Dowager Countess of Airlie returned thanks; she is President of the Angus Red Cross Society and Vice-President of Queen Alexandra's Army Nursing Board, and has always taken a practical interest in the wounded.

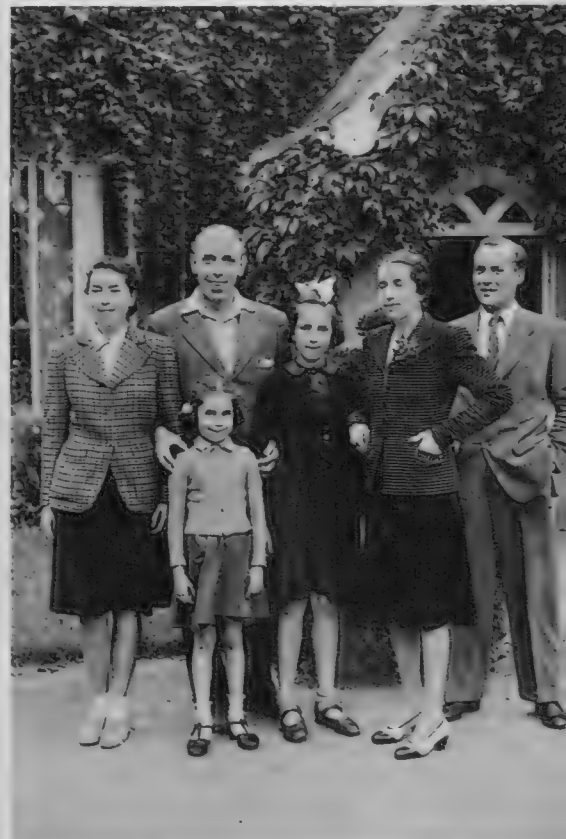
Amongst those at this presentation were the Countess of Dalhousie, mother of the present Earl of Dalhousie; Lady Cayzer, widow of the late Sir Charles Cayzer, M.P., who lives at Kinpurnie Castle; she is the mother of the present baronet, Sir James Cayzer, who is only a schoolboy. Her elder son, Nigel, was killed in action last year. Others were Sir Harry Hope, who was M.P. for Forfar for some years; Brig.-Gen. Mudie; Sheriff Mackinnon; Provost and Mrs. Lowson of Forfar; Col. and Mrs. Hill; Capt. W. C. Don of Maulesden; Mr. and Mrs. J. Ogilvy of Inshewan; Mrs. Walker of Lundie; and Capt. and Mrs. Thornes-Roberts of Brigton.

#### *Family Parties in Scotland*

CHILDREN and grandchildren of the late Hon. Alec Henderson and Lady (Murrrough) Wilson have been enjoying the peace and quiet of Scotland at the lovely family home, Glen Almond House, in Perthshire.

The eldest brother, Ian, who now owns the property, which includes the beautiful Glen Almond Valley and some of the finest grouse moors in Scotland, is unmarried and serving with his regiment overseas. He could not join his two sisters, Susan and Rosemary, this summer, but their younger brother, Adrian, and his wife were able to stay with them for a while. These two very pretty Henderson sisters are both married; Susan is now the wife of F/O. Charles Pretzlik, whom she married in 1943 when she was the widow of the late Mark Pilkington, of the Life Guards. She had her seven-year-old son, Simon Pilkington, with her at Glen Almond and her baby daughter, born this year. Rosemary married Count Orssich in 1941, and lives near Windsor.

Another family party quite near Glen Almond was at Garrows, where Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth



*Mr. and Mrs. Tilea have four children. Their son, Radu, recently took an honours degree in economics at Cambridge, after spending a year at Oxford, where he represented the University at ice hockey and swimming. Their eldest daughter, Ileana, won a modern-languages scholarship at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, at seventeen*

Hunter had their two pretty daughters and four grandchildren staying with them. Their elder daughter, Moira, is the wife of Sir Torquil Munro, of Lindertis; she brought her small, fair-haired son, Jamie, and her little girl, Fiona, who arrived to stay with her grandparents this year with her faithful Pekinese and her small white pony, Liltie, to which she is devoted. She much prefers to ride Liltie about the place when the other children ride their bicycles.

(Concluded on page 408)



*A General View of the Parade Ring*

THE TATLER  
AND BYSTANDER  
SEPTEMBER 27, 1944  
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*This colt by Hyperion out of Queen Christina was bought by Mr. Frank Butters for the Aga Khan*



*Here is Mr. Jack Jarvis with Lord Rosebery and the Duchess of Norfolk*



*Lady Chesterfield was studying the catalogue when caught by the photographer*

## September Sales at Newmarket

*Yearlings from Famous Studs  
Fetch Big Prices.*



*The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton, wife of the well-known trainer, was talking to Lady Fitzwilliam*



*Sir Richard Sykes, owner of the Sledmere Stud, is seen with Lord Adare*



*Mr. Richard Sievwright and Mrs. Puckle were looking at the yearlings to be sold*



*Lord and Lady Irwin sat on the fence talking to Col. Harold Boyd-Rochfort*



Best of the bunch from the National Stud was this colt by Blue Peter out of Caretta, sold to the Aga Khan

● A record wartime total of 345,000 guineas for 311 lots was reached at this year's sale of bloodstock at Newmarket. The top price of 12,500 guineas was paid by Mr. Frank Butters on behalf of the Aga Khan for a colt from the Sledmere Stud by Hyperion out of Queen Christina; a National Stud colt by Blue Peter out of Caretta going to the same owner for 11,000 guineas. Other purchasers included Mr. J. V. Rank, Mrs. Nagle, Mr. Frank Hartigan and Mr. J. Waugh, while the Anglo-Irish Bloodstock Agency, acting on behalf of an owner in Britain, bought a colt by Fairway out of Correa from Lord Derby's Swynford Paddocks Stud for 9,300 guineas



Mr. Needham, the Auctioneer, in Action



G/Capt. Lord Willoughby de Broke is seen here with Mr. H. Leader, the trainer, and Mrs. Leader



Lady D'Avigdor Goldsmid asked Mr. Jack Colling what he thought of the sales



Mr. Peter Burrell, director of the National Stud, was there with Mr. Frank Butters



Lord Delamere, looking perplexed, was with Lady Delamere and Mrs. Charles Mills



Capt. Boyd-Rochfort, the King's trainer, there with his wife, explained something to Mrs. Hoare



Mrs. P. Cripps was with Capt. M. Wickham-Boynton, Welsh Guards

# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

So many of the great Nostradamus' mystic and crabbed predictions have been surprisingly verified recently—such as the Spanish Civil War and the régime of General Franco, the coming of Hitler, the start of World War II, the bombing of Tours, the fall of France, the menace to London, the exit of Mussolini, and so forth—that one is slightly disappointed to find the seer quite obviously going off the rails over the liberation of France.

He gives the summer of 1944 all right, as astronomers agree, but when will France's armed deliverer,

... the strong and powerful King  
At Reims and Aix be received and anointed?

According to the Abbé Rigaux, the most eminent modern authority on Nostradamus, interviewed in 1938, this king would descend from the original Merovingian Dynasty and would not necessarily be an Orléans of any branch. That was deciphered six years ago. The Comte de Paris, faded hope of the Action Française, has taken no part in the war, the Frenchman who has the chief claim to have delivered France has not so far boasted Merovingian blood, and a Fourth Republic seems irrevocably on the horizon. So unless the unknown descendant of Clovis, King of the Franks, steps out of the French fighting ranks within the next few weeks we may take it that Messire Michel de Nostredame was prophesying to some extent through his beaver four hundred years ago. Even then he makes the tame soothsayers of Fleet Street look like a lot of Japanese clockwork mice at six dozen per yen.

## Joke

HAVING quite recently endured the churlish hostility for which the average British country hotel is world-famous, we more than relish the delicious fun of the Travel Association's declaration that the British tourist industry can be made to yield £100,000,000 a year from visiting foreigners after the war.

Maybe the puritan blue-noses who pack the Licensing Bench are relishing the joke equally. Also the hags who prepare the unattractive food, the upstage mop-sics who slap it on the table, the sour harridans who would die rather than alter a meal-time by five minutes and hate the sight of you

anyway, and the whole clanjamfry of harpies and picklepusses who compose 75 per cent. of the national hotel industry. We should describe the T.A. as a *pince-sans-rire*; just a dry old tease.

The mainspring of the racket is hate, as everybody knows. Nothing gives a crone in black silk more voluptuous pleasure than to face a hungry and exhausted traveller and to hiss that she can't possibly give him food, drink, rest, or anything. One way out, we've heard, is to produce raw meat and compel her by law to cook it (Vic. something Cap. something), but we've never met anybody who's actually done this, and probably there's a snag in it. As for foreigners, the T.A. seems to be fostering the quaint old Island superstition that they're all fools. Some are; but only once, in this connection, they tell us.



BLACKER

"Wot if I did?"

## Footnote

NOTICE encountered last week in the bar of a Sussex pub, summing up in two words about six whacking volumes of Island theology, history, sociology, psychology, pathology, and what-have-you:

NO SINGING

## Giltedged

SEVEN-AND-SIX a word, or three times Kipling's top tariff, is what *Collier's Magazine* is paying Slogger Ernest Hemingway, novelist, as its special war correspondent in Europe, a gossip reports breathlessly.

Whether any modern prose whatsoever is worth 7/6 a word to anybody is a point we'd like to hear a gaggle of representative booksy boys discussing some day. However, it's probably more than Dante or Shakespeare made, and good luck to Slogger Hemingway for getting it. May it make him sunnier and less apt to divide—as hitherto—God's entire universe into two classes of created beings only:

1. Left Wingers.
2. Bastards.

We have a strong feeling Kipling wouldn't have cared much for the Hemingway news-item. As an American critic recently remarked, Kipling outlived his enormous reputation by about 20 years—though his later and obscurer stories are far more craftsmanlike than the popular ones—and his final years were a trifle sour. Arnold Bennett, who was pretty keen on his rates per word (which were more than good) would also have looked down his nose, we guess. We don't personally envy

(Concluded on page 398)



"I remember now—your husband is chief yeoman  
of signals in my husband's ship"



*Lady Blanche Douglas breeds greyhounds at her place, Luckington, in Wiltshire. She walks them herself, and many of her dogs have won fame on the greyhound racing tracks. These pictures show her with five grown-ups, and a litter of puppies whose sire is Lights of London. Lady Blanche, only sister of the Duke of Beaufort, is the widow of Capt. G. F. V. Scott Douglas*

Swaebe

## A Variety of Dogs

Photographed with Their Mistresses



*Six Small Greyhounds Want Their Dinner*



Swaebe

*Lady Milbanke has three assorted dogs—greyhound, peke and poodle. Here they are in the garden at Brook House, her home in Berkshire. A daughter of the late Mr. Harry Chisholm, of Sydney, New South Wales, Lady Milbanke was formerly Lady Loughborough, and married Sir John Milbanke in 1928. Her husband is a Squadron Leader in the A.A.F.*



Topham, Sidcup

*Section Officer Diana Mary Gossage, W.A.A.F., is the owner of a rough-haired fox terrier, Muffin, who got left behind when his mistress went to France. Mrs. Gossage is the daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. C. E. Morgan, and wife of Capt. T. L. Gossage. Her father-in-law is Air Marshal Sir Leslie Gossage, Chief Commandant and Director-General of the Air Training Corps*

# Standing By ...

(Continued)

any of these gilded tradesmen, because we live only for our Art. This foible is well known and respected at the TATLER office, where every Friday morning nowadays a footman comes in and says: "The Editor's compliments, Sir, and how is your Art to-day?" Pretty dicky it was the other week, after the relief of Paris and Brussels, we will say. Cor!

## Handicap

ONLY scientists wandering round London with no place to park a Bunsen-burner need be lonely no longer, we gather from Auntie Times's moving account of the recent opening of a "help and friendship" centre for these waifs in Old Burlington Street, W.

To some extent a wellknown scientific handicap limits private hospitality, no doubt. The Canon's Yeoman in Chaucer puts it—as early as that!—in a nutshell:

Men may hem knowe by smel of brymston,  
For al the world they stynken as a goot.

Merely to smell of brimstone (or molybdenum, or hydrochloric acid) is a thing broadminded hostesses would agree to overlook but for that native arrogance and hectoring bounce common to the science boys, which makes them odious. Knowing one or two, we can testify that though exclusion on this account from society turns them hard and defiant, they are secretly wounded and miserable. Their favourite dream is that they are overhearing a leading duchess making up a dinner-list with the help of a friend, thus:

"Now about men—what about the Prime Minister?"

"Yes."

"And Montgomery, and Roosevelt, and De Gaulle, and Einstein, and Shaw, and Noel Coward?"

"Y-yes. Sounds rather dull, don't you think?"

"I know—what about that perfectly divine little Cambridge scientist who smells so marvellously?"

"You mean the one with the simply terrific charm?"

"Yes, the one the Queen of Ruritania fell for."

"My dear, too divine."

"He sort of sweeps everybody off their feet, don't you think?"

"My dear, too marvellous."

This kind of dream makes the science boys so happy that for a few hours after waking they don't notice people holding their noses. Then their wizened little hearts begin aching, and those acid-stained fingers stretch out with a strangled cry for love and sympathy. It's awful.

## Magic

A THINKER who remarked recently that one thing this war lacks is a Buchan was broadly right, we thought.

Preposterous as a lot of the familiar Buchan tricks are when you examine them in cold blood, that boy could always spin a

comely magic. Even if you guess long beforehand that the one-eyed Tartar fishwife playing the Armenian guzlek in the Aleppo dope-den is bound to look up before long and say "Hullo, Dick, old man," it doesn't matter. Sandy Arbuthnot is the goods, and if Slogger Buchan takes cynical liberties with chance and coincidence, he gets away with it every time. Our favourite Buchan situation occurs in *Greenmantle*, when Hannay knocks Von Stumm silly, breaks out of the ogre's castle, escapes as far as the Danube, and is cornered by a cordon of police and troops when—lo and look ye! An approaching convoy of Danube barges, and the steamship crew coming ashore at that remote spot to bury a dead engineer, just long enough to enable Hannay to slip into the deceased's job and get to Constantinople. It takes considerable nerve to put a sequence like that across, yet we can never read it without the old glow and tingle.

World War II, being twice as fast and complicated and crazy, ought to have supplied a new Buchan with plots twice as thick and juicy and fantastic, but where is he up to now? We've had a good look round, but most of the booky boys of the moment seem to hide under the flooring.

## Illusion

PROPOS the Danube, a travelled chap tells us the Iron Gates which sound so impressive in recent Russian communiqués are as disappointing to the romantic as Niagara to a newly-wedded bride from Hicksville, Pa.



"I came to camp to enjoy myself—nobody's developing my character, see?"

Instead of the colossal twin frowning black gorges, like a Doré picture, and the deafening thunder of leaping waters you expect beforehand, he says, the rocks are medium-size and the current mediocre. And of course the Danube itself is coffee-coloured. Old Man Strauss called it blue simply because *The Blue Danube* makes a better waltz-title than *The Brown Danube*, and we bet a lot of worried prigs and pragmatists nagged him for it. Our feeling is that jolly old

Strauss, who did not lack whimsy, got tired of this nuisance before long and developed a defence technique, thus:

"Herr Strauss, I see you call the Danube blue?"

"Yes."

"But it is brown."

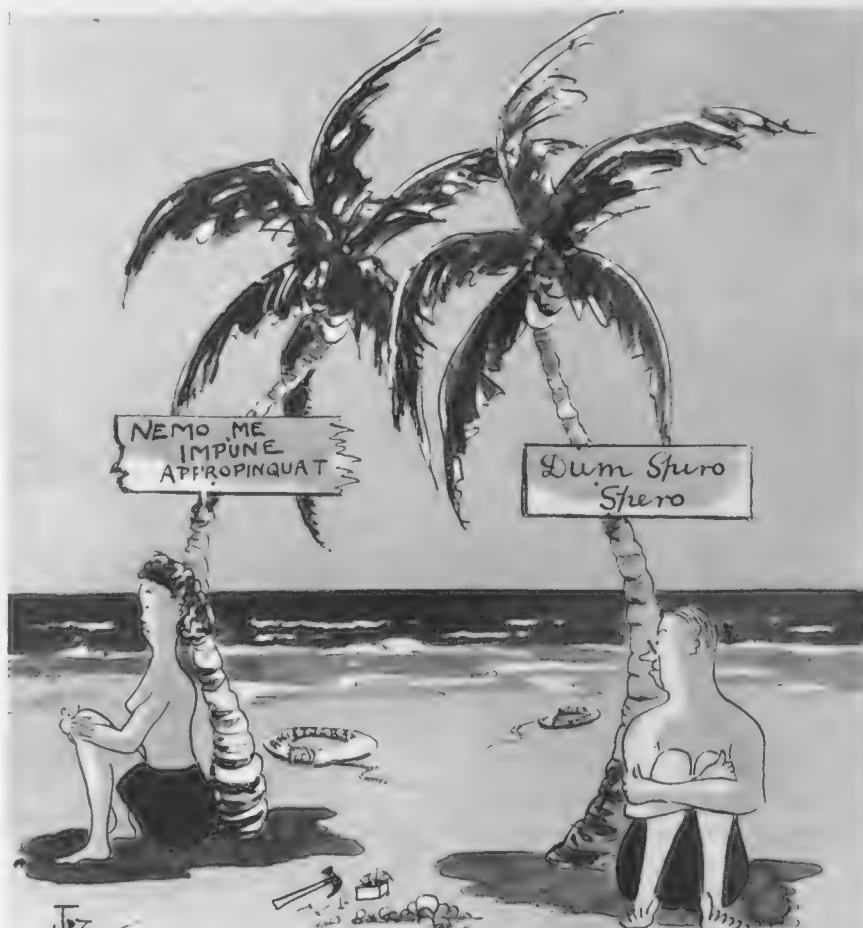
"Yes."

"Then why call it blue?"

"I will tell you. I call the Danube blue partly to please myself, but also to give fools something to occupy their minds, which would otherwise be inclined to dwell on even worse worries—in your particular case, I might mention the goings-on of your wife with a certain Herr Grubwasser, of 187A, Kapucinerstrasse. Good evening."

That prig at once stopped worrying over the Danube, as Strauss (who had invented Grubwasser on the spur of the moment) foresaw. Strauss may even have turned the whole thing into a new waltz, called *Autumn Leaves*, or *Grubwasser Nights*, or *Jingle Bells*. There's very little Strauss couldn't turn into a waltz, and would he were alive to-day to tackle the Beveridge Act and give millions of serfs something to live for.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis





Swaebe

### The Marchioness of Tavistock and Her Family

Lady Tavistock and her sons are seen in the garden of Pink Cottage, Chalkhouse Green, a house which was given to Lord Tavistock by his grandfather, the late Duke of Bedford. The boys are Nicholas Holloway, Lady Tavistock's son by her first marriage, Lord Howland, who is four, and the baby, Rudolph, who was born this year

## Families in the Country



Swaebe

Mrs. Lawrence Bickmore and Her Children

Right: Mrs. Bickmore, formerly Miss Anne Drummond, is the elder daughter of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Rupert Drummond, and a niece of the Earl of Perth. She has two children, Mark and Margaret, by her first marriage to Mr. C. M. Stratton, and her son, Peter Bickmore, is sixteen months old. They were photographed in Oxfordshire



Swaebe

Mrs. R. A. Butler with James and Sarah

Mrs. Butler, formerly Miss Sydney Courtauld, seen with her youngest son and her small daughter, Sarah, is the wife of Mr. Richard Austen Butler, M.P., Minister of Education. Her husband was previously President of the Board of Education, a position abolished on the passing of the Education Act. The Duchess of Kent was a godmother at Sarah's christening in April



Poole, Dublin

Mrs. P. A. Rawlinson with Her Daughters

The wife of Capt. Peter Anthony Rawlinson, Irish Guards, was staying with her mother, Mrs. Kavanagh, at Dollard, Clonsilla, Co. Dublin, with her daughters, Mikaela and Haidee. Her husband, son of Col. and Mrs. A. R. Rawlinson and grandson of Sir Henry Mullenueux Grayson, Bt., was mentioned in despatches for gallantry in North Africa



*A Trail Hound*

## Hound Trails

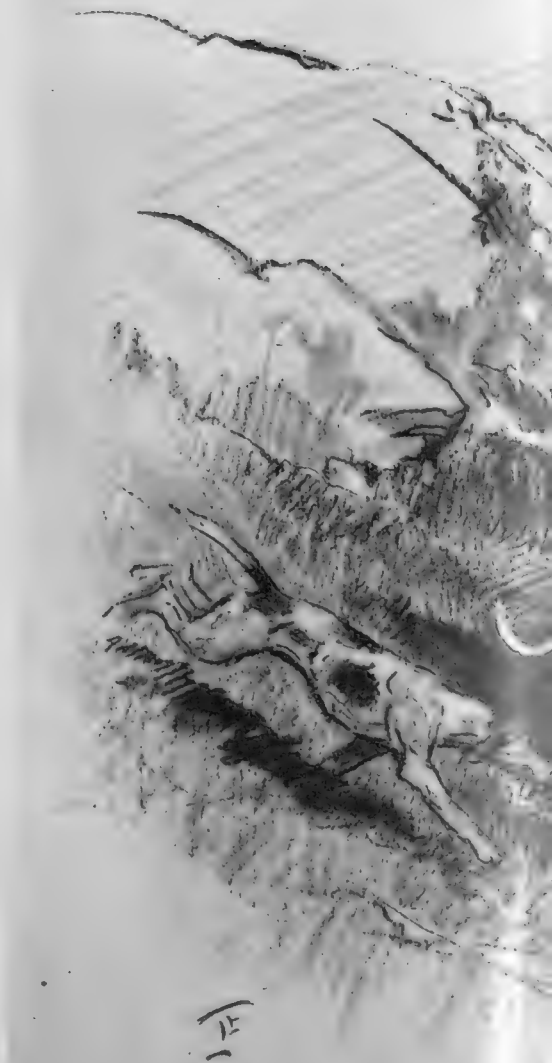
A North Country Sport

● "Going to the dogs" in the North is a different procedure from that in other parts of Great Britain. For in Cumberland and Westmorland Hound Trails come first, being also a far older sport. The Grasmere meeting, for example, has an unbroken record from 1852, war breaks excepted. Actually, the two sports are only comparable in that both have an artificial quarry, and in both betting plays a very considerable part. A trail is laid by two men starting away from a distant rendezvous and coming in, one to the start and the other to the finish, dragging "the smell" behind them. The actual length of a trail is eight to ten miles. Trail hounds are weird-looking beasts, being foxhounds of Fell type specially bred for racing, very light of bone, with hare feet and a greyhound appearance. Their owners often clip them, leaving one tuft of hair only on the end of the shaven tail. In consequence, although most of the meetings take place in summer and autumn, they have to be kept rugged-up whilst waiting their turn to run a trail. It is a truly democratic sport, run under the direction of a "Hound Trailing Association," and the owners and trainers of the dogs are usually local working men. The races, for such they really are, must be watched through field-glasses, for although most of them run in view, it is mostly a distant one. The trainers remain together in the winning field, and as their hounds appear in sight they holla and whistle to them. Recognising master's voice, the hounds redouble their efforts, and come in absolutely all out. There are usually several judges, one of whom will almost certainly be the local M.F.H., for in a close finish it is far from easy to pick the winner

Drawings by  
Lionel Edwards,  
R.I., R.C.A.



*One of the Competitors*



*The Start of a Cu*



*Coming Down from the Hill*



*ml Hound Trail*



*The Finish*



## Greatest Bomber Pilot in the World

W/Cdr. G. L. Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O. and Two Bars, D.F.C.

W/Cdr. Geoffrey Leonard Cheshire, awarded the V.C. for conspicuous bravery, has completed 100 missions since the outbreak of war. The son of Dr. G. C. Cheshire, of Exeter College, Oxford, he was educated at Stowe and Oxford, where he was a member of the University Air Squadron, and began his operational career in June 1940. Always ready to accept extra risks, he soon proved himself an exceptional leader. At the end of his first tour of operations he immediately volunteered for a second, and Berlin, Bremen, Cologne, Duisberg, Essen and Kiel were amongst the very heavily defended targets which he attacked. Posted for instructional duties in January 1942, he started his third operational tour in August that year, taking command of a squadron which he led with outstanding skill, and in March 1943 was appointed a station commander. Six months later, relinquishing the rank of G/Captain, he undertook a fourth tour of operations. W/Cdr. Cheshire was a pioneer of a new method of bombing enemy targets, and his speciality is very low flying. In four years of fighting against the bitterest opposition, he has won for himself a unique reputation in Bomber Command. In 1941, while in Canada, he met and married Constance Binney, the American actress

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Salute to Holland

"GOED verloren, niet verloren . . . ziet verloren, al verloren!" But Holland never lost her soul. The Gracious Lady, whom Britain has been honoured by having as her guest through all these stormy years, has seen to it that that one precious asset was never in any danger of being lost. September 17th, when a British Airborne Army landed on Dutch soil, is the beginning of the moment when the ground will be cut from beneath the befouling feet of the German invader, and when H.M. Queen Wilhelmina and her gallant subjects will come into their own again.

## The Leger 1944

NO complaints, no hard-luck stories and recent public form entirely vindicated, one disappointment and one minor surprise, pace quite true, and all that really remains to be done is to congratulate the owner, H.H. the Aga Khan, who has been, and still is, marooned on the Continent by the war, a sad indignity for a direct descendant of the Old Man of the Mountains; the eminent trainer, Frank Butters, who sent Tehran out as hard as a cricket ball, and the champion jockey, little Gordon Richards, who rode him with that confidence which a mass of muscle between the knees has ever inspired. The moment that Tehran headed the field less than a quarter of a mile from home his jockey must have known that the race was in his pocket. After Hycilla, who started favourite, compounded at about the distance of the Oaks, and Orestes, beautifully ridden, I thought, by Tommy Carey, had made that valiant effort which terminated at about the 1½-mile, proving at long last that he is more than just a miler, I am sure that Gordon Richards had his toes in his boots, and knew that he could ward off anything that either the persevering Borealis or Ocean Swell could hurl at him. Tehran won that Whelpstead Stakes 1½ miles at Newmarket on August 29th from Borealis and little Fair Glint quite as comfortably as he won the Leger, but, like the Derby, that was an idlers' race. Borealis had not had a gallop with the colours up for months: Fair Glint, just an honest little fighter, is hardly big enough to carry a strong

man at polo; and all the time there hung over things the shadow of that 6-furlong Derby. It is now plain, according to my lights, that if the pace had been true Tehran, and not Ocean Swell, should have won the Derby. The proximity of Happy Landing in that race was the real danger signal and index of falsity. Recent form has proved to demonstration that he could not have been amongst them in that finish unless the pace was all wrong, and, similarly, we also know that Abbots Fell must have had a big say if the gallop had been a true one. I wonder greatly what would have happened in the Leger if Abbots Fell had been there. I do not think that anything would have had a bloodless victory. However, to the victor the bay-leaved crown, and let us hope that next year in a Gold Cup run upon its native heath we may see two champions grim meet in deadly strife. Woe to the vanquished, but not too much of it, for I believe that both Borealis and Ocean Swell suffered from lack of battle-practice, and, further, that but for the calamity which overtook Persian Gulf, Hycilla might not have disappointed her myriads of admirers.

## A Gallant "Delhi Spearman"

THE deepest sympathy has been evinced on all hands, and especially amongst those connected with N.H. racing and hunting in Leicestershire, with Major and Mrs. Noel Furlong in their bereavement by the untimely death of their son, Lieut.-Commander Frank Furlong, R.N.V.R., in a recent flying accident near Stockbridge. Frank Furlong was originally in the 9th Lancers, called "The Delhi Spear-men," by reason of their distinguished service in The Mutiny. In the Fleet Air Arm, to which he went in this war, the deceased officer had a gallant fighting record. He was in the operations against the German battleship Bismarck, was shot down and adrift in the Atlantic in a rubber dinghy for three days and nights, and later took part in the Madagascar invasion. To the racing public, he was more renowned as the rider of his father's horse, Reynoldstown, when he won the Grand National upon the first of two occasions in 1935, and I am

(Concluded on page 404)



Michael Beary, the well-known jockey, and his wife were two at the Newmarket Yearling Sales. Michael Beary rode Mr. Rimmel's Glide Away in the New St. Leger



Consulting the catalogue at the Newmarket Sales were Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dawson. The total for the two days' sales was 345,150 guineas for 311 lots



Gillian Leach and her father, Mr. Jack Leach, the trainer, discussed the proceedings with Mr. and Mrs. Gerber at the Sales



Here are Mrs. Charles Pratt and S/Ldr. Percy Allden listening to words of wisdom from Mr. Charles Pratt, another well-known trainer

People at the Annual September Yearling Sales at Newmarket

# Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

sure that everyone who saw that contest will agree that rarely has it been ridden with finer judgment of pace and greater determination. He was never once out of his ground in a rough battle that was full of incident and casualties, none of which, happily, were serious. Only six out of twenty-seven got the course, and the rest, including the raging hot favourite, Golden Miller, did not finish for various reasons. Fourteen fell. Over the last fence Thomond II. bumped into Reynoldstown, and it was just touch and go whether either of them stood up, but they both did. The pair were out in front



## Two Recent Weddings of Sporting Interest

D. R. Stuart

The marriage of S/Ldr. Jim Parsons, England's Rugger International scrum-half, and Miss Stephanie Joy Tanner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Tanner, of Farnham Royal, took place at St. Giles's, Stoke Poges

Mr. Keith Scott, the England cricketer and Oxford double Blue, married Miss Una Mary Bond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bond, of Frimley, Hants., at St. James's, Spanish Place. Mr. Scott is qualifying as a surgeon



D. R. Stuart

## Somerset Cricketers

Mr. D. S. Milford, amateur rackets champion and squash-rackets player, and a master at Marlborough College, and Capt. H. Crichley-Salmonson both play cricket for Somerset

by themselves. It knocked the wind out of Thomond II., but Reynoldstown went on to win comfortably by three lengths from the 40 to 1 outsider, Blue Prince, Thomond II., eight lengths away, third. This was the year of the Golden Miller rumpus, when, after jumping Valentine's the first time round, he tried to stop at the next one, an upstanding obstacle 5 ft. high and 3 ft. thick, landed awkwardly, and got rid of Gerry Wilson. He accomplished the same thing in the Champion next day, hitting the first fence terribly hard and shooting his jockey out of the saddle. The hubbub, no doubt, will be well remembered. Some uninformed criticism was quite unjustified. It is the easiest thing in the world to ride a steeplechase from a nice, comfortable perch in the Grandstand; quite another to do it seated in a saddle, and going pretty nearly flat-racing pace over big fences. In 1936 Reynoldstown won again, this time ridden by another 9th Lancer, Mr. Fulke Walwyn, because Mr. Frank Furlong could not get the weight with comfort. Reynoldstown won very easily by twelve lengths. He never laid an iron on one of them. Golden Miller fell at

the first one. This happening, coupled with what had happened previously in the 1935 National and Champion, suggested very strongly that this good horse, like many another, had arrived at the conclusion that the jar of jumping big fences with a big weight on his back had lost all its attractions. He never was unsound, though Wilson thought he was after jumping Becher's, but I believe that he must have jarred himself; and there and then decided to have no more of it. Horses have long memories. He never meant having it when he was pulled out on the very next day in the Champion Steeplechase, and went clean through the top half of the first fence. Why he did not fall I do not know, for the Aintree fences do not allow any liberties to be taken with them. In 1935 Gerry Wilson, as we know, said the horse was lame as he went into that fence next after Valentine's, and this quite easily may have been so, in spite of what veterinary opinion said later. This (1936) was the year of the unlucky Davy Jones. A rein broke two fences from home, when he looked to have the race in the bag. Poor Mr. Mildmay! It was cruel luck.



Poole, Dublin

## Some Spectators at Phoenix Park Races, Dublin

The Hon. Jeanne French, on leave from American Red Cross work, was with her mother, Lady De Freyne, who was hostess at her brother, Sir Lauriston Arnott's private stand

Sir Ernest and Lady Goff were there to see Mr. E. Bellaney's Marita win the Enniskillen T.-Y.-O. Plate. They live at Glenville, Waterford

Lt.-Col. Giles Loder, the well-known race-horse owner, was at Phoenix Park with Mrs. Dennis Daly, wife of Lt.-Col. Daly, 8th Hussars, of Russborough, Co. Wicklow

# On Active Service

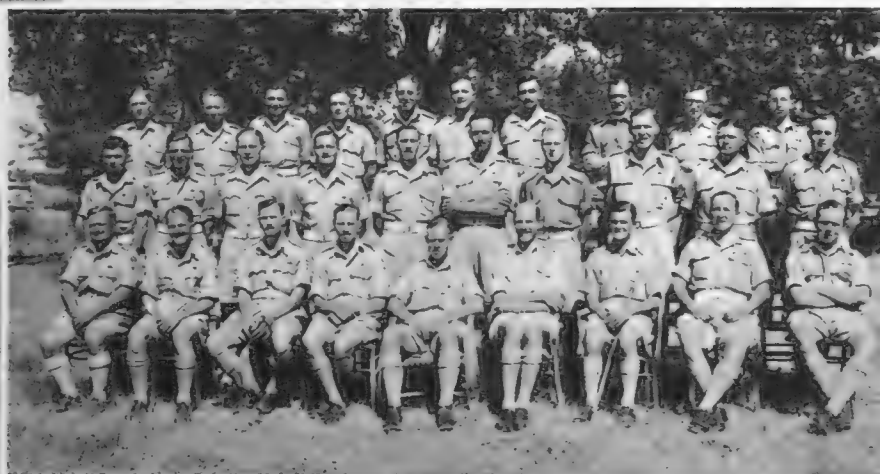


## The Staff of a Western Approaches Escort Base

Front row: Lts. (E) W. Metters, R.N., (E) W. J. G. Jenkins, M.B.E., R.N., E. P. Cullen, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. G. G. V. Davies, M.B.E., R.N.V.R., Cdr. G. A. Moore, R.N., Capt. W. Gronow Davis, D.S.C., R.N., Cdr. (E) P. E. F. Walker, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. G. R. Speirs, V.D., R.N.V.R., F. L. Cox, R.N.V.R., Pay-Lt. T. W. J. Martin, R.N.V.R. Middle row: Lt. R. B. Melland, R.N.V.R., Mr. V. G. H. Evans, W.O.O., R.N., Sub-Lts. A. W. Presdee, R.N.V.R., R. G. Sims, R.N.V.R., Mr. N. W. Fox, Gunner (T) R.N., 3rd/Os B. V. Delgarno, W.R.N.S., H. M. Davies, W.R.N.S., M. G. Peniston, W.R.N.S., 2nd/O M. Clavering, W.R.N.S., Lt. (E) D. B. Reid, R.N., Sub-Lt. H. W. Arnold, R.N.V.R., Mr. J. R. Oxley, Bo's'n A/S, R.N. Back row: Mr. S. W. J. Ford, Gunner, R.N., Lt. A. F. W. Berryman, R.N.V.R., Pay Sub-Lt. F. L. Balls, R.N.V.R., Mr. R. R. Robertson, Gunner, R.N., Lts. (E) L. R. Botwright, R.N.R., (E) I. J. Lang, R.N., Mr. A. Callen, Wt. Tel., R.N., Mr. L. A. St. J. Sibley, Gunner, R.N., Sub-Lt. W. Attewell, R.N.V.R., Lt. E. D. E. Reed, D.S.C., R.N.V.R.

## Officers of an R.A.F. Wing H.Q. in West Africa

Front row: F/Lt. T. J. Lewis, S/Ldrs. L. G. Anderson, H. W. Turton, F. W. C. Davies, G/Capt. L. K. Barnes, S/Ldrs. D. N. Bowers, L. N. Fletcher, A. E. Nicol, F/Lt. J. C. Loveys. Middle row: P/O. S. W. Holdich, F/O. G. W. S. Mole, F/Lts. H. Littlewood, C. P. Gale, F. A. Cleary, R. C. Mais, F/O. R. L. Meech, F/Lt. F. L. Denney. Back row: F/Os L. A. Attwood, P. H. Chalk, J. C. Spencer, E. V. Willmot, C. H. Woodcock, J. H. Dodd, W. W. Lane



## Officers of a Battalion of The Wiltshire Regiment

Front row: Majors T. W. B. Middleton, D. E. Ballantine, G. F. Woolnough, M.C., Capt. P. L. D. Weldon, a Lt.-Colonel, D.S.O., Majors A. W. S. Hooley, R. A. S. Ward, Capt. (Q-M.) L. F. Cook, D. G. Clark, M.C. Middle row: Capt. H. H. Lee, Lt. R. C. Maine, Capt. D. A. Murray, M. J. Spooner, R. S. Davies, R. Lucas, M. H. Mallet, Lts. J. G. Douglas, C. C. Von Keyserlingk, J. R. Morley. Back row: Lts. R. E. Bedwin, P. Palmer, J. R. Roden, 2nd Lt. R. A. Davies, Lts. E. E. Maynard, A. L. Harmer, F. S. Wells, M.C., Rev. N. A. Chadwick, R.A.Ch.D., Capt. J. T. A. Essex, R.A.M.C., G. G. Drew



D. R. Stuart

## Officers of a Royal Naval Air Station

Sitting: Lt.-Cdr. (A) Sir G. J. E. Lewis, Bt., Cdr. (A) J. M. Keene-Miller, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. (A) A. T. Wallace, R.N.V.R. Standing: Lt.-Cdr. P. I. Bailey, R.N., (A) W. C. Simpson, R.N.V.R., (A) S. J. Hawley, R.N.V.R., (A) F. A. Swanton, D.S.C., R.N.



Reeves

## Officers of the 135th Infantry Brigade Headquarters

Front row: Capt. C. T. Hennings, Lt. M. F. N. Eld, Major P. B. Monahan, the Commanding Officer, Capt. J. H. S. Richards, R. E. Summers, Rev. W. R. Griffiths. Back row: Capt. M. Perkins, R. A. Lowes, S. Chalmers, 2nd Lt. Graham, Lt. M. A. White, Capt. F. W. Burton



A. Louis Jaroché

## Officers of the 59th Surrey Battalion, Home Guard

Front row: Capt. J. L. Jeffree, T. A. Paish, A. W. Davies, M.B.E., Majors S. D. Payne, W. Warburton, M.C., Capt. F. E. Orchard, M.C. (Q-M.), Major H. F. Smith, Lt.-Col. H. E. Peirce, J.P. (C.O.), Capt. R. D. Mortimer (Adjutant), Majors R. H. Shelton, D.S.O., R. Jefferies, W. G. Woolrich, Capt. F. D. Pratt, Lt. J. F. Gennings, C.I.E., C.B.E. Second row: Lts. J. Murch, H. E. Ruffie, P. W. Cowtan, Capt. S. C. Carter, Lt. E. J. Lloyd, 2nd Lts. L. A. Ward, R. R. Brackley, Lt. W. I. Mann, Capt. K. M. Stobart, Lt. H. E. Belleini, Capt. A. E. Tiffin, Lts. A. A. Mather, W. B. Woods, T. B. Blow, P. Taylor. Third row: Lts. E. G. Billing, H. A. Pearce, R. J. Williams, M.M., H. F. Brandon, F. C. Rennie, 2nd Lts. C. H. Chamberlain, C. T. Francis, Lt. H. Read, 2nd Lts. R. G. West, G. A. Stanley, Lts. C. M. Haynes, M. R. Venning. Back row: Lts. F. H. Harper, W. E. W. Naylor, M.C., H. E. Swinyard, 2nd Lts. A. E. Abel, J. Spencer, Lt. A. B. Fuller, D.C.M., 2nd Lt. N. H. W. C. Luhr, Lts. D. James, E. Cathie, H. D. Rochez, 2nd Lt. H. G. Richards

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Old Maps

**M**OST of us are susceptible to the charm of maps. This fascination may even exist alongside with a hopelessly unworkman-like attitude to them—for my own part, I combine being a map-lover with being the world's poorest map-reader. Therefore, the earlier, more primitive and, one might say, imaginative a map is, the better I like it. The maps one was encouraged to draw in the school-room, whether to illustrate the campaigns of Marlborough or the journeyings of St. Paul, were experiments with Indian ink and pale colour: to feather-in mountain ranges and blue-in rivers gave one a masterly feeling of creation. And the margin of inaccuracy, pointed out by grown-ups (who were seldom as pleased with one's map as one was oneself), was never as worrying as it should have been—if one had failed to depict an existing country, had one not brought into being an imaginary one? From mapping Robinson Crusoe's island one proceeded, once the fever had set in, to grandiose continents of one's own. The Brontës, I feel sure, were not the only children who created coastlines, contours and civilisations down to the last detail, of which nobody else knew.

The vital part maps play in modern war is outside the range of this frivolous disquisition. Neither is it included in Edward Lynham's *British Maps and Map-makers* ("Britain in Pictures" Series: Collins; 4s. 6d.). The practical and the fanciful reader should, equally, find this a delightful book—one which traces the growth of the science and art of map-making, with particular relation to this country. The illustrations—maps of all ages, many in colour—form, of course, an integral part.

## On from Clay

**B**EFORE 2000 B.C., we learn, rich Babylonians were having maps of their private estates moulded in clay; and by 300 B.C. the Greeks had mapped upon tablets most of the lands and seas of the Levant. "Our Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian and Norman forbears," says Mr. Lynham, "must have made many local maps, however crude, during the centuries when they were clearing, building, colonising and fighting all over England; yet nothing by them has come down to us from before 1250, except a few small scholastic maps which were drawn in monasteries to illustrate Scriptural commentaries or late classical works on geography, and they had no relation to national topography."

The 1250 map of Great Britain was the work of Matthew Paris—our greatest historian since Bede. At this time, he was director of the school of annalists formed by the Benedictines at their Abbey of St. Albans. From whatever sources Matthew Paris drew, his southern England (shown in reproduction) is, if just somewhat misshapen, not wildly inaccurate. Anyhow, accuracy, Mr. Lynham suggests, was not the great Matthew Paris's

first aim—his map might be called propaganda for the holy habit of pilgrimage, and its object was to show English pilgrims—and also, possibly, Crusaders and troops bound for France—their shortest route to Dover, and the guest-houses, monasteries, etc., to be found along it. Fascinating "legends" written across some regions supply information, such as notes on the Welsh character. Chiefly, this map was in advance of its time in being orientated to the north; almost all contemporary foreign maps were orientated to the east, where lay both the Holy Land and the site of the Terrestrial Paradise in which men still believed. . . . Next came, circa 1280, the Hereford world map—so called because it belongs to Hereford Cathedral. This, the work of Richard of Belleau, is apparently still more lovely, if more fantastic, its details being picked out with fine colours and gold. The east is here at the top. If countries are both misplaced and misshapen, this seemed more than atoned for by the variety of their fauna—monsters and marvels, salamanders, phoenixes, centaurs, gryphons and upside-down men with palm-leaf feet have been freely distributed. How much we lose by knowing the world too well!

The "Gough Map," called after its discoverer and now at the Bodleian, Oxford, was drawn about 1335. This gives, for the first time, roads, and its unknown author does fuller justice to Scotland than Matthew Paris had done. It is evident, Mr. Lynham says, from the Gough Map's surprisingly good configuration of our island, that most of England and Wales had been by this time surveyed. Other copies of it (not now to be traced) remained in use as late



## New Job for an Admiral

Admiral Sir William Goodenough is a voluntary helper at the London headquarters of the Royal Naval War Libraries; his job is sorting and classifying books. Mrs. Ivan Colvin, seen with him here, is head of the organisation. The Admiral, a former C.-in-C. the Nore and Principal A.D.C. to King George V., said: "I'm only an ordinary seaman here"

as 1540. It was to be drawn upon by George Lyly, who, while in Rome as one of the household of the exiled Cardinal de la Pole, published in that city, in 1546, the first engraved map of England and Ireland. Lyly's map—

—with its firm but delicate lines, its stately ornamental panels or "cartouches" enclosing the title and descriptive texts, and its clear, sloping Italian lettering, must have been a revelation to Englishmen.

It is uncoloured, for the Italian map-engravers wisely eschewed colours as likely to conceal important details; so that for the representation of all features it depends on symbols or conventions developed to replace colours. The sea is stippled, and enlivened with dainty ships and huge monsters; the coastline is emphasised with hatching; the forests are groups of bushy trees, slightly shaded on the right; the lower hills are gently curving lines with shading added to one side, but mountain ranges are depicted like so many sugar-loaves. Small, neat groups of buildings represent towns, but a tiny circle below each indicates its centre, for measuring purposes.

## Further Advances

**A**PART from the skill of engravers, foreign influences were to be felt in English map-making. In the mid-sixteenth century, the Flemish technicians were in advance of us: Mercator, one of the greatest geographers of all time, was a Fleming. A group of enthusiastic young Elizabethans, headed by Philip Sydney's friend, William Camden, were, in 1564, to sponsor a Mercator map of England and Wales. It was in 1573 that a wealthy squire commissioned Christopher Saxton, a young surveyor from Yorkshire, to map all the

(Concluded on page 408)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

**I**T is easy to travel light when you do not travel long, but I defy

anybody not to send down roots if he remain in one place for any lengthy period, or to return home again without collecting, all unconsciously, a certain number of articles of pure junk. Take my own case. I arrived at my present home with two portmanteaux comfortably filled. When eventually I leave, I am quite certain that four portmanteaux, packed to bursting-point, will not contain all my possessions. Again, although the town in which I find myself has never appealed to me greatly, it will be a wrench to break the daily habits I have formed; even to the extent of one day looking back upon the present with a sigh of affection. Life, I suppose, is made up of little things, and it is the little things which bind us. Also bind us down—if we do not belong to that minority which burns relentless as they go along; junk as well as boats. Often I try to be like one of these myself; but never do I succeed.

It took a Second World War to convince me that most of us lived for our possessions rather than made our possessions live for us. When bomb-blast practically destroyed the lot, the feeling, after the first sense of loss, was actually one of relief! "Well, that's that!" I said to myself, and although such philosophy may be grim, its finality also contains comfort. It was on the verge of being a blessed release no longer to have to contend with china and

pictures, water-pipes, kitchen boilers, best glass, silver and bed-linen, rates, and bed-linen, rates, taxes and repairs, household bills and visitors. I felt as if I had been nursing a difficult invalid for years, and henceforth could get on with my own life. Many things, of course, I miss terribly; but, taking it on the whole, my spirit feels twenty years younger simply because its material responsibilities have been quartered. Also, it has taught me how pleasantly we can get on with life with less than half the things which we once thought essential to well-being. It has almost brought existence down to the rule of three—food, a quiet room and a bed like an embrace. Books one may borrow from the library; music can be listened to over the radio or at concerts; pictures are in galleries; china, glass, old furniture are in museums; flowers are in other people's gardens. Moreover, love and friendship still remain in the heart.

We shall, perforce, be obliged to lead a metaphorically junkless life, human and material; taxes alone will see to that. But a very much more simplified existence need not mean an existence less rich. It will only mean that we shall live, so to speak, among life's essentials. And, having to seek for them, we shall probably appreciate them more. If seriously you ponder on the subject, the environment of lasting happiness requires no Beveridge Report. You can make your own. And freedom from really unnecessary ties is among its foremost items.

## Women in Uniform



**W/Cdr. E. V. Butler Jones** holds an appointment on the staff of the Director-General of Medical Services at the Air Ministry. She is the only woman Wing Commander in the R.A.F.



**Miss Sarah Benson**, a writer in the W.R.N.S., is the younger daughter of G/Capt. C. E. Benson, D.S.O., R.A.F., and Lady Morryth Benson, and a niece of the Earl of Dudley. Her father is attached to Eighth Army H.Q. as Military Administrator A.M.G., and her mother is Vice-President of the Hampshire branch of the Red Cross

Photographs by  
Bassano, Harlip  
and Bertram Park



**Miss Saffron Hogg** is a member of the W.A.A.F. She is the daughter of Brig.-Gen. R. E. T. Hogg, C.M.G., C.I.E., who was Assistant Military Secretary to King George V. in 1911, and served on the staff during the Royal tour in India



**Miss Ruth D. Barham** is a third officer in the W.R.N.S. She is the daughter of Capt. Harold A. Barham, of Saxby, Rolvenden, Kent, and a granddaughter of Col. A. S. Barham, C.M.G., of Hole Park, Rolvenden



**The Hon. Peggy Marquis**, Lord Woolton's only daughter, holds the rank of Junior Commander in the A.T.S., which service she joined in 1938. Lord Woolton, who filled the post of Minister of Food with such conspicuous success from April 1940 till last November, is now Minister of Reconstruction

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 393)

Peggy, their younger daughter, who is the wife of Lt.-Col. Peter Kemp-Welch, now with his regiment in France, brought her son and daughter, John and Penelope. These children all look forward to their visits to Garrows: there is everything there for their amusement, from haymaking on the home farm, fishing in the burn, or, for the older ones, shooting a rabbit, and later on, perhaps, a grouse, on the moors.

## More Young Visitors

FARTHER south, at Glendelvine, Murthly, Sir Archibald and Lady Lyle have also had four grandchildren with them. Their only daughter, Dorothea, the wife of Viscount Kelburn, eldest son of the Earl of Glasgow, is living here with her two children, Patrick and Sarah, while her husband is away on duty. Lord Kelburn, who is in the Navy, has made many trips to Russia during the last few years in convoy with the valuable cargoes of war material.

Sir Archibald and Lady Lyle have also had their daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Ian Lyle, staying with them this summer; she is the widow of their eldest son, Ian, who was killed while serving with his regiment, The Black Watch, in the Middle East. She brought her two attractive children, Lorna and Gavin, a great credit to their mother, who has looked after them entirely herself since Gavin was a month old.

Added to this family party, Lady Lyle has had the Countess Cadogan and her children, and Lady Ebury and her little boy, to join them for lunch every day. Lady Cadogan and Lady Ebury, who are sisters of the Hon. Mrs. Lyle (they were three of the lovely Yarde-Buller sisters, the fourth is Princess Aly Khan, and daughters of the late Lord Churston), have been staying with their children at Wester Gourdie, Murthly, which is close to Glendelvine.

Both Lord Cadogan and Lord Ebury are away soldiering; the former went out to the Middle East with his regiment in 1941 and won the M.C. for gallantry out there in 1942. Sir Archibald and Lady Lyle lost their second son, Robin, in the fighting in Normandy soon after the landing, and their youngest son, Michael, was wounded in Normandy; he is married to Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair's younger daughter, Elizabeth.

## At the May Fair

EDWARD STIRLING'S English Players had a following in Paris that was quite unique. At the May Fair last week he gave a little party to a few of his and his wife's most intimate friends to celebrate his coming return to Paris, where he will be in charge of entertainments for British soldiers. He is eagerly looking forward to reopening his beloved theatre and meeting his many friends who have lived so long under the Nazis.

Also in the restaurant was another visitor from Paris, Miss Suzy Marquis, who has been appearing in cabaret at the Bagatelle, singing those nostalgic songs that make one sigh for the Paris of pre-war days. She survived the exciting ordeal of going right through the German lines into Brussels to rescue her mother and sister, whom she brought safely back to England.

Very busy house-hunting with her sister, Miss Sybil Greenish, was Lady Selsdon. Lord Selsdon, who loves the sea more than ever since he has served in M.T.B.s, is trying to find a home on the Cornish coast, but houses there, as indeed they are everywhere, appear to be impossible to find. He has now quite recovered from his recent illness.



Judges at a Gymkhana for the Red Cross

The Chiltern Driving Club Gymkhana was held at Davenies School, Beaconsfield, proceeds being given to the Red Cross. Above are the three judges, Mrs. Hinton, Mr. R. S. Summerhayes and Mr. C. Cornell, photographed on the ground

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 406)

English counties. "The Queen had early become interested, with the result that the Royal Tudor arms, a lion and a dragon, appeared on every map." Saxton's atlas was the first national atlas produced by any country; and Saxton, says Mr. Lynham, deserves a place beside Shakespeare as an interpreter of the national consciousness, unity and pride which were the greatest achievements of Elizabethan England. John Norden, coming a few decades later, was as ambitious and not less thorough than Saxton, but accomplished less from receiving less patronage.

As, with each century, map-makers multiply and their technique becomes more exact and elaborate, Mr. Lynham's subject widens: one has to admire the skill with which he compresses so much into a slim volume. Historical events have left their mark on British map-making: the Renaissance brought an influx of scientific knowledge; the Reformation occasioned the redistribution of lands formerly owned by the monasteries. Each successive new wave of landed gentry were eager to have their estates surveyed and mapped. It seems ironical that in estate mapping (which began as early as 1340) the monasteries themselves should have been pioneers. The Cromwellian settlement of Ireland entailed a survey of the whole of that troubled land. And navigators not only demanded maps of their own, but kept revolutionising settled ideas.

*British Maps and Map-makers* reaches the Ordnance Survey maps of our own time. I may have dwelled too long—for this does delight me—on the ornate and romantic aspects of map-making. Mr. Lynham who is, among other things, Superintendent of the Map Room in the British Museum) provides an interesting running comment on the advances in science shown in each map-maker's work, and describes each process by which these have been achieved.

## What Every Woman Wants

D. E. STEVENSON has tapped, in her new novel, *Listening Valley* (Collins; 8s. 6d.), a double, seldom-exploited feminine daydream—that of being thoroughly taken care of and understood, and that of inheriting, and quietly walking into, a small but perfect house. I really believe that women, especially in these days, rate absolute cosiness higher than romance. Apart from everything else, I should recommend *Listening Valley* as giving one, however vicariously, that wrapped-up feeling.

Miss Stevenson's heroine, Tonia, it is true, does go through vicissitudes at the start. She depends, to the point of arrested development, on her brilliant, adventurous elder sister, Lou. Lou falls in love early, and whisks heartlessly off as a bride to India, leaving Tonia with incompetent parents, and no longer even her Nannie, in a cheerless Edinburgh home. (The squabbling dialogues between the Melville parents are, by the way, good comedy.) Then, wealthy, kindly, competent Robert Norman, though by forty years Tonia's senior, marries her. He and the London blitz, between them, do much to strengthen Tonia's character—but, alas! Robert dies, and again chill winds threaten to blow. The little old house in the little Border town of Ryddelton (where the cosiest possible woman-next-door takes charge) is the next solution—neither is romance lacking, though I felt it came second most of the time. . . . The characters, the talk and the atmosphere all show Miss Stevenson at her best.

## Dogs, Horses, Cornwall

"LION'S CROUCH," by Alice Molony (Faber and Faber; 6s.), is, I suppose, really a story for young people, but it exactly hits off my mental age. Mary, the sixteen-year-old heroine, relates, in the first person, her adventures in Cornwall, whence she goes to work on her aunt's farm, Lion's Crouch, in place of a cousin who has been called up. And everywhere that Mary went, not a lamb but the adorable Happysnapper (mongrel with a touch of the bull-terrier) was sure to go. This, though it opens with ponies and splits and cream, becomes a spy story, of tension second to none; for Mary and Happysnapper stumble on dark doings. I don't ask what Miss Molony's actual age is, but she knows just what it feels like to be sixteen. Her pen-and-ink horse and dog drawings are full of life.

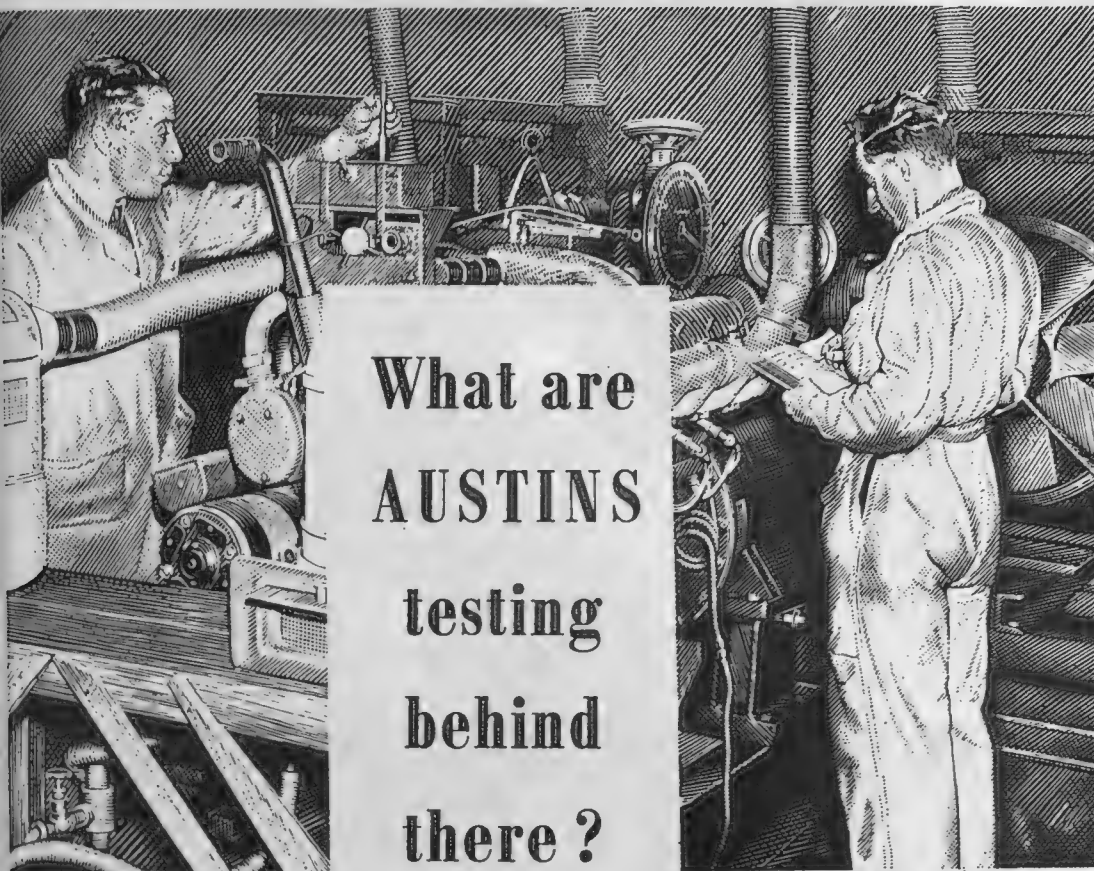
## Local Temperament

GARTHMORE HALL, which was old before Flodden Field, is the home of the Garths and the scene of the mystery in E. C. R. Lorac's *Fell Murder* (Crime Club; 7s. 6d.). The Garths, as a squire-farmer family group, are in themselves striking; their reactions to the death of their aged father are just puzzling enough to arouse suspicion. A nice vein of comedy is provided by a non-local detective's battle with local temperament.

## Sea Fishing

"BRITISH SEA-FISHERMEN," by Peter F. Anson ("Britain in Pictures" Series: Collins; 4s. 6d.), is a picture, from the human side, of the fishing industry all the way round our coasts. Mr. Anson writes vividly on a subject which in the first place attracted him as a painter: obviously, he now knows it from A to Z. The illustrations (which include some pictures of his) are admirable.

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



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8. G. 241

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## AUTUMN TAKES OVER



● This might have been taken in a courtyard in France; but no, it is the very heart of London, and the models are wearing the latest of London suitings. Vivien, on the left, has chosen a Burnicot suit of diagonal tweed, superbly tailored. It costs 15 guineas from Peter Robinson's. Joan, on the right, is wearing one of the well-known Rodex suits. It is of bird's-eye suiting; costs 15 guineas and comes also from Peter Robinson's, where you will find a really remarkable collection of widely different autumn suits





In quiet reflective mood she sees the self of yesterday and looks ahead with confidence. The years of trial and responsibility have modelled her outlook anew but have brought no lessening of her charm. Firmly and decisively she has followed the beauty regime prescribed by Miss Arden. Surely and effectively this simple routine has maintained and even enhanced the youthful freshness she values so dearly. No wonder that for her the future holds no doubt. Tomorrow will bear tribute to her wisdom and reward her patient wait for fuller measure of Elizabeth Arden preparations.

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# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

**H**E had been trying to attract the attention of a waitress for more than twenty minutes, but at last he got up from his chair and, going to the desk, demanded to see the manageress.

"What for?" asked the girl.

"I've got a complaint," he replied.

"Complaint," retorted the girl haughtily, "this is a café, not a hospital."

**T**HERE was once an old woman who used to take her umbrella around with her wherever she went. Frequently she would visit a famous hotel and order tea, during the course of which she would enter into deep conversation with the umbrella as if it were a human being. She would even allow pauses in her conversation so that the umbrella might reply to her.

An onlooker seeing this performance for the first time approached one of the waiters and asked: "What is that old woman doing talking to an umbrella?"

"Oh," replied the waiter, "there's nothing to worry about. I presume that the umbrella belonged to some dead friend of her youth."

"That's all very well," continued the onlooker, "but isn't she queer in the head?"

"Not at all," answered the waiter, "her conversation is often quite intellectual."

**T**wo drunks were leaning over London Bridge. A policeman, who was approaching, happened to see them both fall in. He summoned help and the two were dragged to safety. When they were both on terra firma once more, one drunk turned to the other and said: "I shay, ol' man, this is the last time I come in thish pub; the beer tastes like water!"

**E**PITAPH to a lively mule:—

In memory of Peggy, who in her lifetime kicked 1 general, 2 colonels, 4 majors, 10 captains, 24 lieutenants, 42 sergeants, 60 corporals, 436 other ranks, and 1 bomb.

"So because of her you gave up drinking and smoking?"

"Yes."

"And you didn't back horses because she didn't approve of it?"

"No."

"And you never play billiards or cards?"

"Exactly."

"Then why on earth didn't you marry her?"

"Because I was so reformed that I saw I could do much better!"

**T**HE teacher wanted to impress on his class that there was nothing a man could not do if he put his mind to it. Young Jones begged to differ.

"Well," said the teacher, "tell me and the class what it is."

"You try and light a match on a piece of soap," was the answer.

**O**NE of the first clients of a criminal lawyer now well known handed him a hundred-dollar bill as a retainer. The client insisted that he had been framed: "This guy says he felt my hand in his pocket. He's a liar. I've been a pickpocket for twenty-five years and no man ever felt my mitt in his kick."

When the man departed the lawyer felt for the precious bill. No bill. He hunted through all his pockets and was crawling under the desk when his client returned. Handing the lawyer the bill, he said: "I wanted you to have your heart in this case. You can see for yourself the guy's a liar."



*The General and The Singer*

General Omar Bradley, C.-in-C. American fighting forces in France, congratulated Dinah Shore, the American singer, when she visited his headquarters after entertaining troops of the 12th Army Group. Dinah is a great favourite on the radio with the troops back home in the U.S.A.

**A** WELL-TO-DO negro had been ill for some time and showed no sign of improvement under treatment by a doctor of his own race. So presently he dismissed him and summoned a white man. The new doctor examined the patient, and then asked:

"Did the other doctor take your temperature?"

The sick man shook his head doubtfully.

"I dunno, suh," he declared, "I sartainly dunno. All I've missed so far is my watch."

**F**OR centuries the position of Arab women in North Africa was low. When travelling the man always rode the family donkey while the woman carrying the household goods walked behind. But with the coming of the war and the British and American troops, many customs had changed. The man still rode the donkey but the woman was emancipated. She walked in front. There might be land mines!

**T**wo old ladies were walking together down a quiet country lane when suddenly a huge, man-eating Bengal tiger bounded from the woods near by, and raced off, snarling vigorously.

"Er—did you see that?" asked the first old lady.

"Yes, I did, dear," replied the other, calmly. "You don't see many of them around here these days, do you?"

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## AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

### Screw-Brakes

AIRCRAFT take more kindly to going than to stopping and that is the reason that runways have been growing in length. We have become so accustomed to this growth that we accept it as the price of performance progress.

A cow, I am told, wants three acres of land. A modern aeroplane wants about three miles of runway in any direction. And the faster it goes the more land it acquires. Modern aircraft want the earth. There are, however, so slender hopes that their requirements in this direction may be slightly modified in the future.

Reversible airscrews have the power to halve the landing run. The pilot touches down and then turns his airscrew inside out, or, in other words, rotates the blades through the feathering position to the braking, and then blows himself to a standstill.

The method is rational. More so, indeed, than the method of wheel braking. For with wheel braking the retarding effect must await sufficient cohesion between wheels and runway. When the aircraft is partly air-borne and partly land-borne, the braking effect from the wheels must also be partial.

### Emergencies

THE thing that does impress itself when considering airscrew braking, however, is the manner in which we transfer increasing responsibility to mechanical appliances. There are not many runways in the country (although the country is striped with them) which would permit safe landings with some aircraft when no brakes are used.

Wheel brakes are always assumed to be present and to be working when runway lengths are determined. If we follow the same method we shall assume that both wheel brakes and reversible airscrew are working and then the majority of our runways really could be kept within reasonable limits.

Airscrew brakes have another possible application and that is for dive bombing. It would be most convenient if dive-bombing pilots could stand their aircraft on its nose and so arrange the airscrew braking that the speed is kept down.

But the whole problem centres round the rate at which the airscrew blades can be turned. The rate of pitch adjustment would have to be increased some four times if it were to become fast enough for use in checking the dive.

Even for landing brakes the airscrew pitch change would have to be much quicker than it now is. I think that the increase would have to be about twenty times. Nevertheless I foresee the overcoming of these technical problems at the eventual provision of an airscrew which can be used as a brake with corresponding easing of the minimum runway requirements.

### Air Cars

MOTOR cars have for some time derived benefits from work done on aircraft and it is most interesting at the present moment to speculate upon the probable post-war motor car.

I feel sure that it will derive most benefit from aircraft work in improvement in the power-weight ratio. Motorists in the past have never appreciated the importance of a good power-weight ratio.

Yet when world's motor car speed records were being attacked by men like Campbell and Cobb great efforts were made to improve the power-weight ratio of their cars. Cobb's car, for instance, had a power-weight ratio of 2.55 lb. per horse-power whereas the Spitfire I which was in existence at the time Cobb did his record runs, was 5.25 lb. per horse-power.

But it was only in the record-breaking cars that there was an attempt to keep down the weight in relation to the power. In the ordinary cars there was no such attempt.

Yet in those cars the benefit would have been greatest. The man who has to count his pennies is the man who ought to strive most earnestly to avoid carrying about with him dead weight. Give him a motor car in a light alloy of construction resembling that of aircraft and he would be really practising economy.

### The Aircraft Companies

MY own belief is that aircraft companies, if they entered the motor car field, would derive great benefit from applying aircraft principles. If they sought to streamline effectively and to cut the weight they would be on the way to producing cars which would claim the attention of the post-war motorist.

That there is a relation between carriage over the land and carriage in the air is proclaimed by the remarkable similarity in the figures which relate fuel consumption and distance to weight carried.

It appears, for instance, that a Lancaster and an Austin Seven are doing something approaching the same ton-miles-per-gallon. Obviously here some fundamental influence is at work. But aircraft consumptions are improving. Motor cars will have to mend their ways in the matter of weight if they also are to improve.



### A.T.A. Anniversary Dinner

Capt. Harold Balfour (left), Under-Secretary of State for Air, was chief guest at the fifth anniversary dinner of the Air Transport Auxiliary. In the centre is Cdre. Gerard d'Erlanger, C.O. the A.T.A., speaking at the dinner and on the right is Air Chief Marshal Bowhill, C.-in-C. R.A.F. Transport Command.



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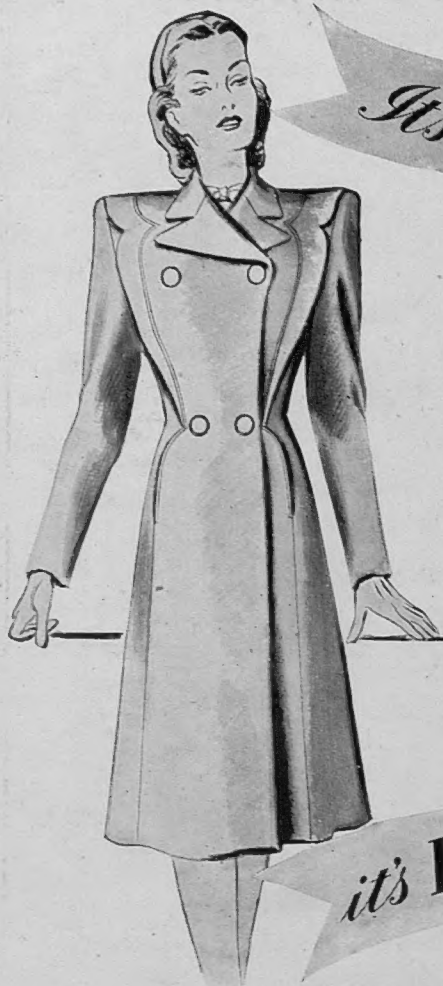
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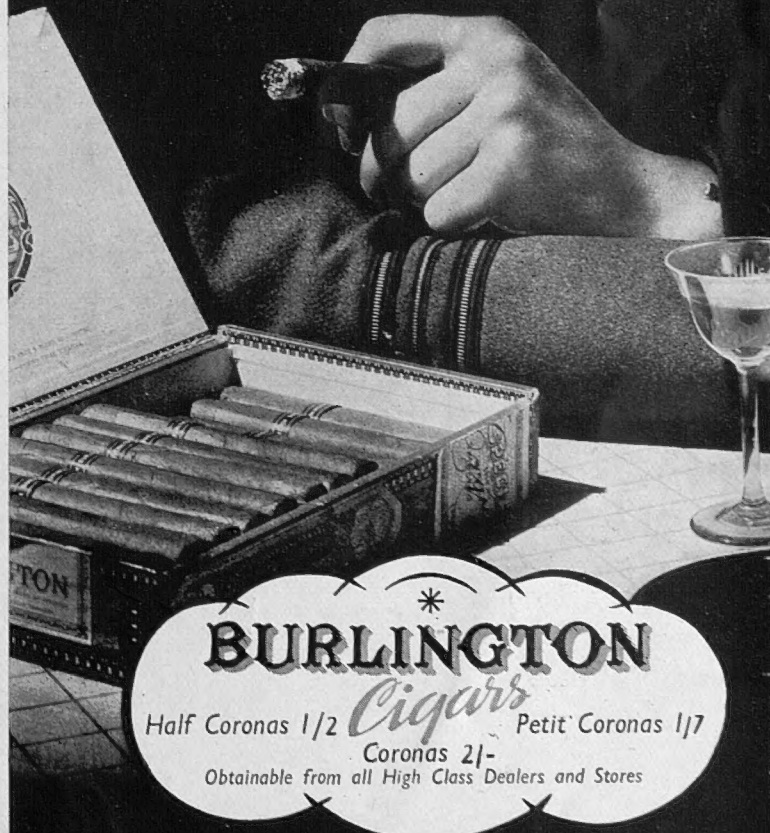
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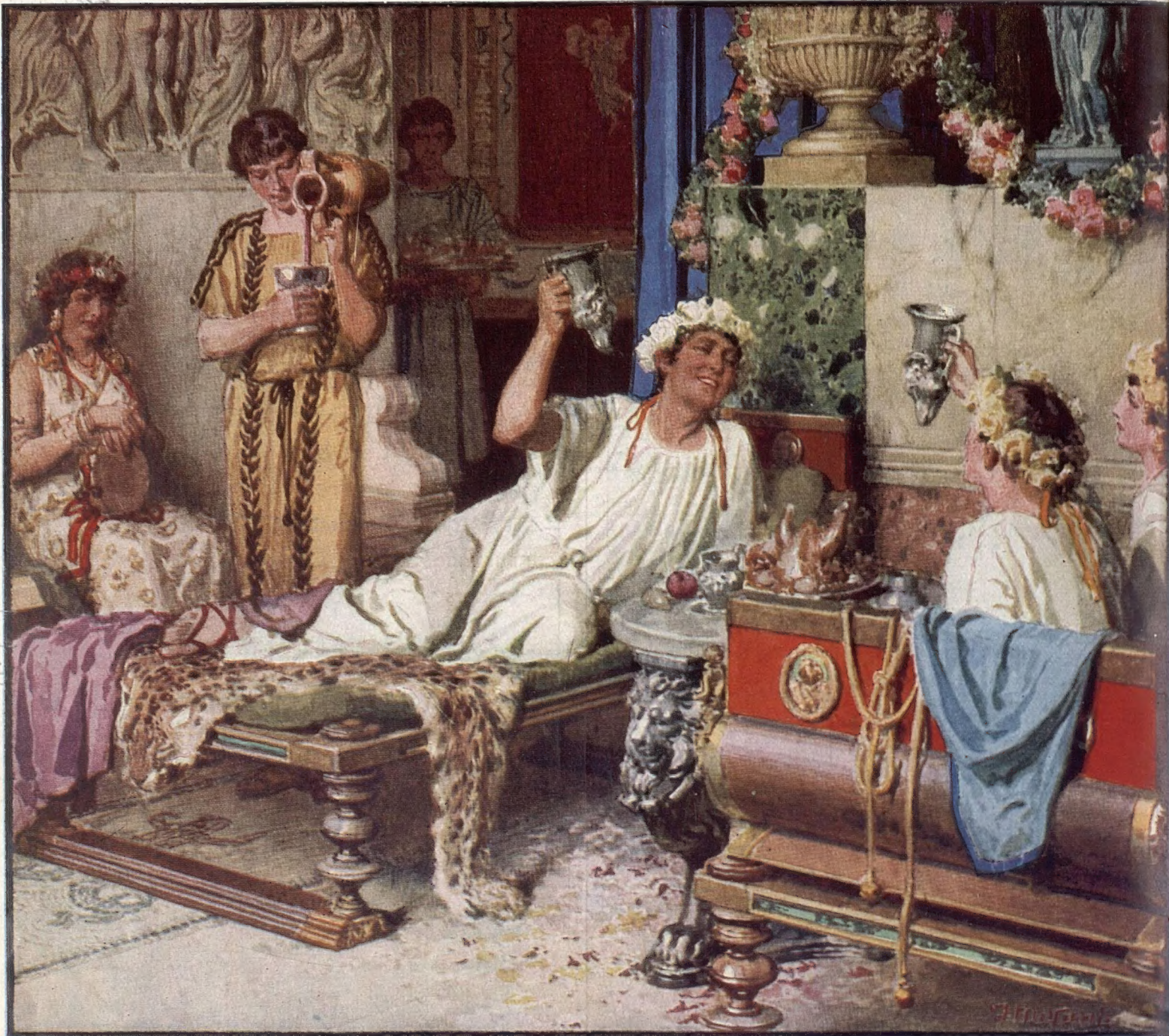
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It is probable that the ceremonial drinking of healths is derived from the Greco-Roman custom of pouring libations to the gods. A more sophisticated age introduced the drinking to living personages. But it must not be supposed that in classical days it was the gods alone who enjoyed themselves. Horace found it necessary to chide the over indulgent with:—

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